To a Snow Drop.

Thou tiny blossom, welcome here;
Thou bringest joy unto my heart;
And still my heart would give thee cheer
Though far less lovely than thou art.

For when I see thy modest form,
In simple habit, white and gay,
I know ere long, the gloom and storm
Of winter will have passed away.

And underneath the fields of snow
That hide the brown earth from my sight,
I hear the breathings, faint and low,
Of Nature throbbing with delight.

And all my soul is filled anew
With longings for the pleasant hours,
When woods and hills and vales renew
Their wealthy garniture of flowers.

Where will I seek the favorite haunt
Where the most May flower hides its face
Or where the gaudier Lily flaunts
Its conscious pride its faultless grace.

And in my darlings silken hair
Bright tufts of innocence I'll twine.
While breathing forth a grateful prayer
To Him who gave thy life and mine.

Leo E. Davenport.